Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine.*
Hort. Petruchio, goe thy wayes, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias:
But soft: Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
Tell mee sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What starrs do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, and sweete,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the parents of so faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
Alots thee for his louely bedfellow.
Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I look on seemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.
Petr. Do good old grandsire, and with all make known
Which way thou trauellest if along with vs,
Wee shall be ioyfull of thy company;

Vin.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my me
That with your strange encounte
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my
And bound I am to *Padua*, there
A sonne of mine, which long I h
Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. Lucentio Gentle sir.
Petr. Happily met, the happi
And now by Law, as well as reue
I may intitle thee my louing Fath
The sister to my wife, this Gentle
Thy Sonne by this hath married
Nor be not grieued, she is of good
Her dowrie wealthie, and of wort
Beside, so qualified, as may be see
The Spouse of any noble Gentlew
Let me imbrace with old *Vincent*
And wander we to see thy honest
Who will of thy arriuall be full i
Vinc. But is this true, or is it el
Like pleasant trauailors to breake
Vpon the companie you ouertake
Hort. I do assure thee father so
Petr. Come goe along and see
For our first merriment hath made
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has p
Haue to my Widdow, and if she f
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio
is out b

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, so
Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they
home therefore leaue vs.
Biond. Nay faith' Ile see the Ch
And then come backe to my mistri
Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes
Enter Petruchio, Kate, V
With attendan